

# LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

Boston Latin, 20—English High, 8.

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# Latin School Register

VOL. XVI, No. 10.

JUNE, 1897.

ISSUED MONTHLY.

## A Golden Capture.

BY JOSEPH O'GORMAN.

### CHAPTER XVII.

The party were standing before a huge rock. Dejection was clearly depicted on their countenances. They had seen nothing of the bandits since the forest fire; they had been hard pressed for food, and were out of sorts in all ways.

"I don't see any use in staying here much longer," said Fred querulously. "We've not had a scent of the bandits for two weeks."

"It wouldn't be at all out of the way to see if there isn't any news at home. The men may have skipped and been landed for all we know. They're not very likely to be here, anyhow," said Tom, prodding the ground with the muzzle of his gun.

Mr. Allen sympathized with these sentiments, and he added that if the geographer were well he would be a valuable adjunct to the party. He appealed to Mr. Hernfaul, who judged by his countenance, was also homesick; but, before he had time to reply, a shout from Tom attracted the party, for in the course of his prodding and kicking he had dislodged the loose earth and disclosed the cave which they had searched for so long. There was nobody in it, but there was enough to show conclusively that it had been the retreat of the bandits, and the condition of some food which had been left there proved that their departure was no recent event. The partition had been cut away, and showed the inner room to be spacious, while it also had an artfully concealed opening into a basin in the rear by means of which the bandits had more than once foiled their pursuers. But, as nothing further could be done, the party at once set out for home, not in very low spirits

either, for they were confident that news awaited them.

On their arrival they found the philosophic Duncan in the best of humor. He had quite recovered from his injury, and did not seem disappointed at the failure of the expedition.

"Ah! my brave hunters," he greeted them, "what luck?"

Mr. Allen, perceiving under the jovial mood of the geographer an intimation of good news, determined to put a good face on the matter, and replied: Well, we've killed one, wounded two or three others, found their hiding-place and driven them out of the mountains, among other things."

"Indeed," rejoined the geographer, "now that's better news than I expected. But I have news, too. I've brought you into possession of two gold mines wrth millions of dollars, traced your bandits from here to Marietta, found that Grace is still with them and well treated, and I have wired the authorities what to do with our friends."

The auditors immediately surrounded Mr. Duncan and bombarded him with questions like a company of cannoneers with telling effect. He gazed at them in despair.

"Hold, hold!" he gasped. "My forty-one stenographers are all upstairs, sleeping. Kindly put your questions in the safe, and, until my stenographers appear on deck, let me beguile you with a little anecdote of great interest to hunters and amateur detectives." And he launched forth into the story of the Pinzin robbery, and continued to the latest developments in Marietta. The joy which pervaded the party at this news I shall not attempt to describe. I shall merely record that Tom was sent to Mexico with the report for Mrs. Hernfaul, telling her to return in a week, and he brought back a paper telling of the escape of the bandits. This was a terrible blow, but Mr. Duncan soon convinced the

party that the robbers would undoubtedly return to Mexico, and that they should go next morning to the cave once more.

"No matter," he said. "Look at these facts: You now have a two-fifths ownership of a couple of very valuable mines, so that you can afford to give them a half-million for your daughter's ransom, which will enable them to live luxuriously in some foreign country. Mexico has proven a safe retreat once. All the United States will be ready for them; they will have to jump the country. It's a long way across ~~a~~ hostile country to Canada, which they don't know anything about, and it's a comparatively short distance to Mexico, which they know well and favorably. Don't worry, but go to their retreat and be ready for them when they come, for they are going to come, and come at once."

They took his advice and went. Part were placed in the cave, the others outside of it in ambush. The bandit who had Grace under his charge was to be separated from the rest that she might not be in the general scuffle. For two days the party waited patiently, day and night, in spite of a heavy rainstorm, until Mr. Duncan—who, with one of the Indians, acted as scout—spied the bandits placing something (an offer for a ransom, as it turned out) under the moss of the rock. The men neared the cave in a happy arrangement, Grace and her captor (the leader of the band) coming last, so that it was only necessary to let four pass into the cave. Mr. Gilbert was immediately overpowered and searched by Fred and Mr. Duncan, the deeds of the mines being found in his pockets. Meanwhile an affecting scene had been going on between Grace, Tom, and Mr. Hernfault,—now laughing, now crying, hugging each other,—it is utterly impossible to describe the manner in which they gave vent to their joy. Grace had been well treated by the bandits, and was in the best of health and humor.

But, judged by the scuffle in the cave, a warm struggle was going on. What its result might have been no one knows, but Mr. Duncan and Fred hastened to the aid of their friends and soon shot down all four of the bandits—the occupants of the cave having exhausted their weapons with little effect. After reviving Mr. Allen and two Indians who had been disabled, a merry party journeyed homeward with their sole prisoner. On their

arrival at home they found Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Hernfault waiting to welcome them, for the latter could not wait for the consummation of the week. Had she known the turn that affairs had taken she would have been greatly disturbed, but the servants explained her husband's absence by saying that he had gone to meet Grace.

That evening witnessed a great fête in the Allen mansion in celebration of the capture of the bandits and the recovery of Miss Hernfault. All who were in any way interested in the affair were invited, and all (including Señors Pinzin and Histrino, the officials of the robbed bank, Dr. Van Hauser, and the Chief of Police of Mexico,) were in attendance. Some of the Indians, it is true, were a little the worse for wear, but this mattered nothing to the guests. It was a gay banquet, and Tom and Grace occupied the seats of honor.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

One more notch and this yarn will be spun. We have followed the adventures of the bandits from the beginning of their career in Marietta to the final capture of their sole surviving representative by our friends in Mexico. It but remains for us to give a glimpse of the future of the characters to whom we have been introduced, and all will be done.

Harry Gilbert, alias Peter Skinner, or, as we first knew him, "Gentleman Jack" Steele, was, after lengthy consideration, sent to the United States for punishment. A sensational trial was generally expected, but the public was disappointed, most of it agreeably so, to find that he was merely returned to the prison in Chicago whence he had escaped, and hanged there with little or no excitement a few weeks after his return. This quiet ending of a sensational career commended itself to all well meaning people, for there can be no doubt that a great trial tends to promote crime rather than to discourage it.

As for Mr. Duncan, you have doubtless guessed the riddle already. Mr. Allen began to suspect from the time that Mr. Duncan was so carefully singled out and shot by the bandits that his guest was none other than the celebrated Francis J. Mortimer, who had been hired by Ohio to follow Steele, and he was quite right. At his host's earnest request the detective wrote and claimed all the rewards

which had been offered for the capture of the bandits, which he received immediately upon the substantiation of his statements by Mr. Allen. And so loath was the ranch owner to part with a friend whom he had found at once so shrewd a manager, so good a counsellor, and so genial a companion, that he prevailed on Mr. Mortimer to remain with him. This was not a hard task, as the detective was so completely captivated with the sublime beauty of Mexico, the picturesqueness of its cities and its people, its romantic history and the extreme healthfulness of its atmosphere, that he had already resolved to spend as much time in Mexico as circumstances would permit. So he was secretly overjoyed at the prospect of staying there with Mr. Allen, and at once settled his affairs in England, married the lady of his choice, and returned to the sunny land of Montezuma.

Mr. Allen and Mr. Hernfaulst united with Señors Histrino and Pinzin and M. Lafevre, the president of the bank which had missed five thousand dollars, and formed a stock company in order to work the mines which fell to them as a restitution for the amounts of which they had been robbed. Each owned a share in proportion as he had suffered, Mr. Hernfaulst's being the largest, far the largest. The mining paid so well and the vein proved so rich that all became immensely rich in a short time. And whenever anyone mentions the "unfortunate robbery" to M. Lafevre, he replies:

"Quel Malheur! Why did they not take more?"

And inasmuch as they could not depend on having the mines worked successfully if there was no one on the spot who was interested in them, they appointed Mr. McNabbs superintendent over them and gave him a commission on the net profits, and matters were so arranged that the crafty gentleman could practice his innate cunning to very little effect.

The Indians who were of so great service in the expedition were well cared for. An idle Indian is a curse to himself and everyone else, so they could not be taken from work while they were able-bodied, but they were given the most desirable positions at their master's disposal, with very large wages and exceptional privileges.

Fred had already developed a marked ability in the mathematical line, and at an

early age obtained a position in one of the Mexican banks, where he rapidly rose to the highest position which could be held by any one who did not hold a share in the bank. He had offers to be taken in as a member of the stock company, and is at present considering whether to accept these offers or to leave Mexico and take care of the mines in Marietta. But it is generally supposed that he will not leave the land of his adoption, but will choose the former alternative.

Tom, who had never manifested any longing to go into business, is now writing extensively for the American and Mexican press, and is well known in literary circles. The number of English-speaking people is increasing so rapidly in the Aztec realm that he is seriously considering establishing an English weekly for their benefit. If he does, Fred's aid as business manager will doubtless be solicited, and Mr. Mortimer will be a valuable member of the staff.

That is all. What about Grace, do you ask? Why, I supposed that you understood that, Mr. Allen and Mr. Hernfaulst did anyway, and I suppose you all knew the young people ever guessed it. And when Tom went before the criminal tribunal, not without fear and trembling, he confessed, to claim his prize, Mr. Hernfaulst beamed indulgently on his son-in-law, and said: "Can you have her? Well, let us discuss the question. As I remember it, during her sojourn with her friends, the bandits, it was Tom Allen who was the most ardent member of the party. The same boy was always unflinching, yes and even eager, in face of any danger that was to be encountered, and" (growing more serious) "it really does seem as if Providence had reserved all the mishaps and accidents for you, that you might prove your devotion. If you don't deserve her as your share of "The Golden Capture," she will never be courted by human being."

"That's right," put in Mr. Duncan, or rather, Mr. Mortimer. "But the brave deserve the fair."

(THE END.)

If our advice has any weight with the editors of the next volume of the REGISTER, we advise them to think twice before changing printers. The Spring Lane Press have done their work this year in an exceptionally thorough manner. They have always afforded intelligent workmanship, and have done a much larger job than the REGISTER has heretofore contained for a very reasonable price. The next staff will not regret a continuance of patronage.

## How Billy became Count de Chateaunoire.

Richenau started back as though stung by an adder when Billy came forward, and Mademoiselle gave a slight cry.

"So, you dog, you consider it the part of a gentleman to degrade a man behind his back? You will pay for this. It was a lucky chance which led me to that window. I now see those whom I may consider friends, and those who are my enemies. Perhaps you have not had sufficient provocation to fight; will you fight now?" Saying this, Billy hurled his glove full at Richenau's face. The latter snarled, pale with fear and rage, "Enough, I will fight," then he turned and left the room. Billy then turned towards Mademoiselle. She had fainted. Billy grasped the vinaigrette which hung suspended from her girdle and placed it to her nostrils. In a few moments she had recovered. Billy offered her his arm to lead her back to the ball-room, but she turned and led the way into the curtained bay-window from which Billy had overheard the conversation. Mademoiselle seated herself, and motioned the Colonel to another chair, and then said.

"Colonel Deveraux, I must now thank you for having delivered me from two very unpleasant predicaments." Billy was not an ideal hero, and did not act like an ideal hero; he did not stammer or blush, and although somewhat disconcerted, he nevertheless said, "Mademoiselle, you have completely annulled all obligations under which you may have considered yourself to me, for Louis has informed me that it was through your efforts alone that I was saved from Chateaunoire, and, believe me, it has caused me more pleasure to be in a position to do you a service than I can tell you of. In this last case I was perhaps too hasty, but I feared you might believe the Count, and although I do not know you well enough to even call you a friend of mine, I would rather have your esteem than be Villeroi or Vendome. I am, however, too forward; pardon me, I beg you."

"Colonel Deveraux, I never would have believed that man anyhow, but I thank Heaven that you interposed as you did. A man could be no friend of Louis de Marguac, and be anything but a true gentleman, and I have never

considered you as anything else. Louis spoke so highly of you, that I would champion you against all the courtiers of the universe." Then Mademoiselle gave a little laugh and said, "Give me your arm, Colonel, perhaps they miss us in the ball-room." On the way back she continued:—

"Do not think Richenau will say anything about this meeting, for he knows that if I were to relate the true state of affairs, he, at the very least, would be banished from the court, and you need not fear any assassination or anything of that sort from him, for he would know that I would instantly be aware of it, would attribute it to his agency, and my influence would exact a heavy penalty from him. I do not think he will fight, either, for he is a coward; I imagine he will endeavor to avoid you in some manner, and will doubtless play some mean trick on you, if he gets the chance." By this time they had reached the hall, and here Billy had the pleasure of going through the minuet with Mademoiselle. When he had finished he bade her adieu, and after finding Louis, he left the hall. He did not say a word until they had arrived at Louis' lodgings; then, locking the door, he sat down and related everything to Louis, from beginning to end. When he had finished, he asked Louis' advice. Louis pondered several moments, and then said, gravely: "I have heard enough from Mademoiselle d'Aubrione to convince me that she would willingly accept King Louis' decree, if he should order you to marry her, but unfortunately there is very little chance of that ever occurring. Alicia is heiress to an immense fortune and immense lands, and is the daughter of one of the peers of France, and I would advise you," said Louis, in a compassionate voice, "to try to forget her. As to Richenau, look out for him; he comes of a bad race. If you should fight and kill him, I fear it would go hard with you. If you can get out of a duel honorably, I advise you to try it. Now, as it is almost daybreak, and as I am on guard at nine, one more glass of wine and to bed, and then we can see what the morrow will bring with it."

It was late in the morning when Billy arose, and he had scarcely dressed, when a trooper came to the door with a large, official-looking envelope in his hand. He gave it to Billy,

who saw it was addressed to "Colonel G. Devereux, 14th Hussars." He hastily broke the seals. It was a message from the Minister of War, ordering him to report at once to his regiment, and to take command of some two thousand recruits that were leaving that afternoon for the frontier. It instantly flashed through his mind that it was Richenau who had procured the order. At first he was angry but the more he thought of it, the more he liked it, for it would take him away from the court, of which he was somewhat tiring, and from Mademoiselle d'Aubrione, of whom Billy realized he was thinking too much of late. He gave orders to Antoine to prepare things immediately for departure, and hastened to find Louis. De Marguac was soon found and was informed of the order. He agreed with Billy's final conclusion, that it was the best thing that could happen, and as he could not leave his post, he bade Billy adieu there, and begged him to write to him. So, with a long embrace, these two true friends separated. Billy hurried back to his lodgings and was informed by the grinning Antoine that another messenger had been there, and he handed Billy a small note and a package. The note read as follows:

"TO COLONEL DEVEREAUX:

The news of the curtailment of your leave has just reached me. Doubtless we both understand the cause of it. I send you this by a trusty messenger, that you may sometimes think of the donor, when off on the campaign."

No name was signed, but Billy knew from whom it came, and the kisses he imprinted upon the note showed that it was from some one dear to him. He tore open the package and there lay a superb miniature of Mademoiselle d'Aubrione, set with diamonds and sapphires.

Billy gave a cry of delight and placed the gold chain which was attached to it about his neck.

After a hasty lunch Billy started with Antoine for his detachment of recruits, and arrived with them at the French camp about the first of March.

The campaign which was to begin, was the memorable one of 1704. Louis was forced to meet a coalition of all Europe, with but one ally, Bavaria, to aid him, and with the spring of that year began, actually, the so-

called "War of the Spanish Succession," a war which lasted about eight years, and during which Louis met his bitterest reverses. The allies, under Marlborough and Prince Eugene, proved too much for Louis' incompetent generals, his only good one, Catinat, having been disgraced and defeated by them successively. At Blenheim, or Hochstadt, as the Germans call it, was fought the first great battle of the war, and here Billy proved himself the hero of the day. The French numbered 56,000 men, the Allies 52,000, but only about one-half the French were engaged. Marlborough pierced the French lines and hemmed them in in the village of Hochstadt. The French lost 30,000 men in killed, wounded and missing, and the Allies also lost heavily, 13,000 men being killed or wounded. Marsin's corps, 15,000 strong, alone escaped intact, thanks to Colonel Deveraux. Billy was given the command of three cavalry regiments: his own, the 10th Hussars, and a small regiment of Bavarian light horse, to protect the rear of Marsin's corps. In all he had about 1,200 men, but with these he held the entire English army at bay. Five times he charged his foes, until finally they sullenly drew back from the pursuit, and Marsin was saved. Of Billy's 1200 men, scarcely 300 survived, among the dead being Richenau, who was a staff-officer of the 10th Hussars. Billy was the hero of the hour. He was knighted, and was made brigadier, and, having been slightly wounded, he was sent to Versailles with dispatches. He was received most graciously by Louis, who granted him a special audience. "You are about the only soldier I have; you deserve a reward for that most gallant deed. What favor can I grant you?"

The opportunity Billy had prayed for had come; he seized it. "My liege, I ask you what is more than life to me; grant me permission to sue for the hand of Mademoiselle d'Aubrione."

King Louis frowned, but his brow soon cleared. "Yes, I grant it; I had promised her to the Count de Richenau, but he is now dead. I know no one more faithful than you, besides, you saved her life, and have some claim upon her. Take her, and may you be happy. But you have no title. Hold, Chateaunoire died without an heir. I make you Count de Chateaunoire; I dare not make you

"Duke, now you may marry your princess." Billy wooed and was successful, and six months later, at the Church of Notre Dame, one of the grandest weddings of the time was celebrated. King Louis gave the bride away, and de Marguac was best man. Billy retired to the chateau by the River Cher, at which he had saved her life, and lived there a short while in peace. He was called back to the army, but passed unscathed through the terrible battles of Ramillies, Oudenarde, Friedlingen and Malplaquet, but after the last named battle, he retired from the army and returned to his estates, to live in happiness and peace with his beautiful wife and children, accompanied by the faithful Antoine, who was installed as steward, and who soon followed his master's example and married.

END.

F. H. '97.

## School Notes.

Just as we go to press the result of the public declamation reaches us. J. J. O'Donnell captured first prize, L. J. Logan and F. J. Kneeland second, and W. Shuebreuk and W. C. McDermott third, J. D. Williams and C. Lublin specials. H. S. Bennett is the winner of the prize for the original poem, F. G. Bauer for the translation of Virgil's second eclogue, A. P. Young of the Gardner prize, and J. A. O'Gorman of the Derby prize. A. E. Landry and A. E. Minard won the classical prizes in the first class, T. H. Reed and M. Freeman the modern prizes, H. R. Chamberlin and H. A. Conway the fidelity prizes, and C. W. Nichols, F. G. Bauer, A. E. Minard and J. A. O'Gorman approbation card prizes. The Franklin medals and the scholarship have not yet been announced. The reading prizes are: 1st F. Shurtliff, 2d A. E. Minard and E. W. C. Jackson, 3d A. L. Richards and E. B. Watson.

The tennis tournament has not, to the best of our information, been completed at this writing, but Moulton and Wood won the doubles, and Moulton the singles. Those beaten by the winners will play for second place. The Young brothers will probably be the winners of the doubles, as they have played well together and seem to be the best team. Rand made the best showing against Moulton in the singles.

The writer in the "Sunday Herald" may be right in attributing the recent successes of J. J. O'Donnell and the editor to our Milesian ancestry; but, although we are the proud possessors of the royal O, we can show two generations of pure American blood, which entitles us to as large a nestling place under the sheltering wing of the Columbian eagle as Mr. Babbitt has.

During the last month J. J. O'Donnell was re-elected president of '97 by a large majority. E. L. Drowne succeeds A. M. Reilly as secretary.

The prophecy made in regard to the last public declamation in April's REGISTER did not prove true. The declamation was one of the tamest of the year. It was short, however, which is a great virtue.

R. L. Chipman, '94, Harvard, '98, was one of the young ladies in the court dance in "Fool's Gold," the play given by the Pi Eta Society.

"Latebra animae;" The seat of the pants.

"Nypharum sanguinis una;" One of the bloody nymphs.

One of the mysteries of the year has been the general disappearance of dippers from the sinks. In the middle of the year a new supply was distributed, and before a month had gone by many of these had gone. Have we some one among us who has a dipper mania?

Our class photographer is pressed with orders. We are obliged to wait two or three weeks for our pictures. It's the old story of putting everything off till the last minute. They were wise who sat early in the year.

The growth of the bicycle craze is well illustrated in our own school. Four years ago there were not more than twenty who came to school on wheels, while this spring on any day at two o'clock the basement is crowded with bicycles and bicyclists.

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# The Latin School Register.

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DAVID DALY

Editor-in-Chief  
Business Manager

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LEO JAMES LOGAN . . . . .	Military
B. E. WOOD . . . . .	Sporting

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JUNE, 1897.



IT is the evening of May 29. The editor is vainly endeavoring to plan a retrospect of the year. But his gaze wanders abstractedly from his own purple-and-white rosette, pinned triumphantly to the frame of his grammar school diploma, to the blue-and-blue flag flung in disgust upon his neighbor's desk, which he can see through the open window. Try as he may, his memory is powerless to carry him back beyond the day's game. Well, it was surely a great game—for Latin School—and though it did not by any means come in the nature of a surprise, the victory was as pleasing as if it had. It is our first duty, in speaking of the game, to congratulate Captain Robinson on his success. Not only is he a peerless outfielder, but he is the best captain any Latin School team has seen since Rand's time. Had he held the reins when the year began, the Latin School would have won the championship. This is not a careless statement. Any one who has followed the league games knows that all of Somerville's and Hopkinson's victories have been loosely played games, that the match between these two teams was as loose an exhibition as ever decided a championship. With the Latin

School team in its present hitting and fielding condition, and Ceconi allowing no runs after the first inning—as he did in the Roxbury-Latin game—Somerville would be nowhere. Our outfield is the equal of any the league has seen for years; the infield is unusually strong for an interscholastic team, and the pitcher's record and the scanty number of hits made off him speaks for itself. The list of strong hitters will include more than one of our players, and the cup and medal will be well deserved. The credit for this fine showing rests first with Robinson and then with Ceconi and Murphy. To go beyond this number it would be necessary to include the whole team, for a good word can be said for every member of it.

AND now one more word on baseball. Two months ago we strongly advocated the selection of a coach. Mr. Jupiter was chosen, and deserves the highest commendation for his earnest work. As an illustration of the value of a good coach, a good captain, and hard practice, we call to the notice of the Advisory Committee the fact that last year Murphy footed the list of third basemen: this year—we now boldly assert on the advent of all the evidence a view which last month we strongly approved—he is by far the best of the interscholastic short-stops.

The good spirits of the baseball team were not totally obliterated by the Somerville game, as witness the following conversation, on the train home, between the Heavy Hitter and Ye Editor:

Y. E.: That dead ball went right over the plate; it should have been a strike.

H. H.: It was a strike; it struck him.

The same night Capt. Bolster was heard singing in doleful tones, "Just tell 'em that you saw me, but do not tell them where."

On May 15, Tech '99 defaulted to B. I. S., so a game was played with the shoe and leather men under the auspices of an umpire who had something to do with a Harvard game eight years ago, and hasn't been allowed on a diamond since. He was a phantom on strikes and balls; he gave rainbow decisions on blocked balls, and his judgment on foul tips would have dazzled Nick Young. His lightning struck one side as often as the other. Hendries and Parks were the opposing bat-

tery, and did well, winning out 5 to 2, but Latin School played together and with snap. It was the best game of the year. Ceconi, who pitched most of the game, got six strikeouts and would have got more but for the aforesaid phantom. E. A. Regan made his debut in centre field; he fielded excellently, and waited patiently for his base under the most trying circumstances.

The school year now comes to an end, bringing with it varying fortunes to each one of us. Fifty-one leave the school this year by graduation, as many, no doubt, will take a quiet departure from lower classes. A few hundred new faces will appear in the exhibition hall when the school gathers again in the fall, and the old faces will soon be forgotten. But in time, one by one, each in his own channel, many of those who leave this year will arrive at some enviable goal, and we will not be too presumptuous in supposing that '97 will have its share of men to whom the future student of Ovid and Caesar will point and say, "He was a graduate of our school." Forgotten now, we may be recalled hereafter.

PROBABLY a hundred boys, at the least, will take examinations for Harvard from our school next month. This is an exceptionally large number, and more failures must be expected than of smaller classes; but, on the other hand, more honors should be won, and undoubtedly this will be the case. Honors do not depend on the work done by the student the last few days. The examination is as likely to be based on October's work as on May's, but the boy who has done well all the year, is the one who will be most successful.

IT is one of our last duties of the year to thank those who have been zealous in contributing during the year. The paper has been greatly aided and improved by these contributions, and we are deeply grateful for this assistance. It is rare, however, that an editor has to thank a member of the first class, who is not in any way connected with the staff for contributions. Such is the case this year. J. F. Havey, one or more of whose articles have appeared in every issue of this paper, has been more energetic in his work for the paper than anyone else in the school, and the quality of his articles has been on a par with the quantity. He is, in an especial degree, worthy of our gratitude, and we sincerely hope our successor will have as able an assistant outside of his regular staff.

## Athletic Notes.



### Boston Latin 8.—Roxbury Latin 4.

Great interest was manifested in our first game after the change of captains and players. Robinson had succeeded Bolster as captain, and Charley Daly played in Bolster's place at second. Ceconi and Regan changed places at first and in the box. E. Reagan was given a chance in right field and proved his worth. Robinson had surely done some good work with the team during the few days before the game. The players had plenty of snap and enthusiasm, and were thoroughly alive. Robinson managed the team perfectly, and showed that he understood his position. Ceconi was a wonder in the box. His curves and slow balls completely fooled the Roxbury boys, and he struck out eleven men. At the bat he also showed his strength. Besides his strong batting he knocked a home run, a thing very seldom done on a field as open as Brookline Common. "Ned" Murphy again distinguished himself at short-stop. Charley Daly exceeded all expectations. This was his first game of base ball for two years, but any one who saw him play would have thought that he had been playing regularly. The fielders played well, Kelley being especially strong at the bat. For Roxbury, Putnam, at short-stop, played by far the best game.

### Boston Latin 12.—Brookline High 10.

Our second victory was won when we played Brookline High on Brookline Common, Wednesday, May 26. The team was in good spirits on account of its victory over Roxbury Latin, and started the game determined to win. Regan, for the first part of the game, played in the box. Boston started in piling up the runs until the score stood 8 to 1. Then Murphy was hit by the ball, and could not get over the ground quite so quickly as usual. After that, following the instructions of their captain, the Brookline players kept knocking the ball to short, and more than one ball got

by Murphy that otherwise would not. The score began to look dangerous, until, in the seventh inning, Ceconi went into the box. He held the batters down, and the game was won, 12 to 10. Charley Daly showed great improvement at second, and seemed perfectly at home in that position. Murphy showed great pluck in continuing the game after receiving an injury. The other players all played well, and should be praised, instead of criticized, for winning the game.

#### Boston Latin 20, — English High 8.

However great were the expectations of our team and of the Latin School men, generally, in regard to the High School game, all were exceeded when we "walloped" our neighbors to the tune of 20 to 8. The High School pitcher was knocked all over the field, and the support he got was simply wretched. Error after error was made by the High School boys, until they had added up 15. In the first inning we ran up five runs the first thing. With two runs already made, and two men on bases, Charley Daly came to the bat and knocked a "two-bagger," and Kelley and Murphy crossed the plate for two more runs. Again, later in the game, Daly did the same thing. Out of fourteen chances at second, he accepted twelve without error. Ceconi pitched an elegant game and received fine support. He also made four hits, which tied him with Kelly for the highest batting average. The star game was played by "Ned" Murphy. His record was errorless. He got every ball that came anywhere near him, and seemed to take especial pleasure in catching his brother out on a pop fly. Kelley didn't have a chance in centre field, but Robinson and E. Reagan accepted all that came their way. Clark also played well. The team work of our team was something different from what it was in the "Hoppy" game. Every man played his position well, and all played well together. This game was worth more than the other two together, and should serve as an example to point to in after years.

Friday, June 28th, our team took a half-holiday and went to Lowell to play Lowell High. When they got there it was pouring rain and no Lowell team in sight. They waited around about two hours, while Manager O'Donnell ran about after the Lowell manager with the guarantee. There had been a misunderstanding. The Lowell manager first wrote not to come; then telegraphed to be sure to come; then, again, at the last moment, he called up O'Donnell at the Union Station Telephone to tell him not to come, but, as O'Donnell didn't happen to be in the station, the Lowell manager left no message, and so the team went up, but played no game.

We understand that Clark, who has played third base this season, intends to go to "Hop-

py" next year. We shall surely miss him on the team as he is an earnest and energetic worker and promises to be a crack third baseman with the experience he has gained this year.

What a fine team we ought to have next spring. Six of the old players will probably be back: Ceconi, F. Regan, C. Daly, E. Reagan, T. Kelley, and Murphy. Of these six, Murphy should have the captaincy. He has played longer on the team than the others; he would command the respect of the players, as his temper never runs away with him; he would certainly set a good example to his men by his playing. He never lets a ball go by, afraid of making an error, but often goes out of his territory to catch a ball. This was shown especially in the "Hoppy" game, when he really played two positions,—that of second base and his own.

There has been a scarcity of French jokes in this year's REGISTER. Are the second and third classes so wise that they never slip up in translation? If not we should like to hear from them.

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## Military Notes.

### CAPT. JOSEPH T. PAGET.

The schools of Boston have sustained a great loss by the death of their military instructor, Capt. Joseph T. Paget. Taken away at the moment when he would have looked with pride on the boys he had so faithfully and excellently instructed, he did not live to see what to him would have appeared one of the happiest days in his life. He had worked hard to make the school parade the best ever seen in the history of the Boston School Cadets, and in so doing neglected and over-worked himself and brought on the severe cold which ultimately caused his death. Since his appointment as military instructor he has exerted himself untiringly to bring military drill to the highest state of perfection, and his efforts have been crowned with great success. His untimely death occurred at his home at Ashmont, Monday, May 10th, 1897. It was voted at a meeting that Co. E be detailed to act as escort for the body of Capt. Paget; it was also decided that crepe be worn by all the officers for thirty days from the death of Capt. Paget as a mark of respect. The funeral took place from Capt. Paget's home Thursday afternoon, May 13th. The services at the house were conducted by the chaplain of the Benj. Stone, Jr., Post 68, G.A.R., of which Capt. Paget was commander. After the services the line was formed in the following order: Col. Leo J. Logan, in command; officers of the Boston Latin School; Co. E, Capt. E. Johnson; three companies from D. H. S., under Maj. Lane; Col. Ashley and officers of E. H. S.; drum corps; Benj. Stone, Jr., Post 68, G.A.R.; hearse; mourners. The impressive and beautiful Grand Army services at the grave were under the auspices of the members of the Post. Many beautiful floral tributes surrounded the grave. Conspicuous among them was a standing plaque, at the bottom of which were crossed swords, and at the top a reed cut by a sickle, and surmounting all two doves holding white ribbon on which were inscribed in purple the letters "B. L. S." Resolutions were drawn up by the officers of the Latin School and sent to the family.

### ANNUAL PARADE OF '97.

On Friday, May 14th, after forming in the drill hall and High and Latin School yards, and having been carefully inspected by Col. Bogan (who took Capt. Paget's place), the school regiments began their march. The weather was beautiful, and the uniforms of the cadets looked excellent. The brown leggings looked very well, and gave the boys a heavier appearance, besides lending a uniform

motion to the marching feet. The regiments were greeted with great applause all along the line for their excellent cadence and alignments. The cadets were reviewed by the Mayor at City Hall and the Governor at the State House. After the review by the Governor, trains were taken at the Providence Station for Franklin Park, where a salute to the colors was given as soon as line of masses was formed. Then the companies stacked arms and went to lunch. During the recess the rain came down rather heavily, and there was great haste made by the boys to reach the house on the overlook. When the rain ceased the regiments were formed into a brigade, Col. Leo J. Logan being Acting Brigadier-General. The brigade review passed off in a most excellent manner. Brigade parade ended the drill for the day. The parade was said to be the best the regiments ever had.

The annual prize drill took place at Mechanics Hall, May 25th. The successful companies were B, D, and H. These three companies gave an excellent exhibition of drilling. The competitive prizes were taken by Sergt. E. B. Horn and Sergt. Wardham of Co. F.

The drill closed with an excellent regimental dress parade.

LEO JAMES LOGAN.

• A first class translation: "Ingreditur solo." She walks alone.

"Germanum fugiens." The flying Dutchman.

"Aere præclarus." Renowned for his brass.

The Latin School now has a fund by means of which a scholarship can be given to the most deserving member of the graduating class who intends to pursue his studies at some college. In connection with this fund, books have been printed in which are a short sketch of the school, also of the terms of the scholarship, and a list of the contributors. Among the contributors are many of the state officials and many of our instructors. Hereafter, it is thought that the income from the fund will provide two scholarships instead of one.

The preliminary reading occurred Thursday, May 13, at quarter past twelve. The prose selections were from Irving and Hawthorne. The poetical selections were from the poems of Lord Byron and Arthur Hugh Clough. Every one agreed that Mr. Clough's poems were almost unintelligible, and the judges must have had some difficulty in following the readers. Out of seventy-five readers, eighteen were selected for the prize reading, May 25.

A church in Roxbury included recently in its musical program a hymn called "Vini Creator." Can this be an ode to Bacchus? Horrible thought!

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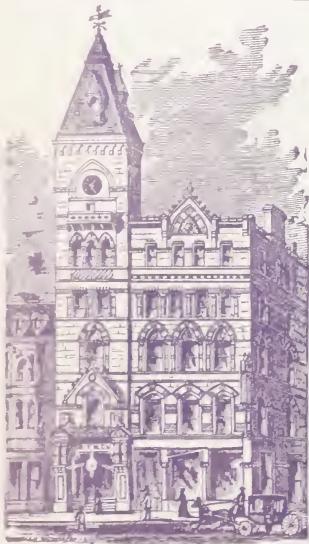
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